



A WEEKLY FAMILY NEWSPAPER—Independent of Party Politics or Religious Sects.—Devoted to News, Literature, Morality, Agriculture, the Arts, &c

S. SIEGFRIED, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
S. SIEGFRIED, JUN., ASSISTANT EDITOR.

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THE MONONGALIA MIRROR

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Items of News, &c.

Brevity.—A Modern writer says:—"It is characteristic of great minds to convey much information in a few words; little minds, on the contrary have the gift of talking much, and saying nothing."

During the first fifteen days of March, the Central Railroad brought to Albany between twelve and thirteen thousand dressed hogs, all from the Western States, and principally from Chicago.

In 1832 there were nine persons employed in the Boston post-office; now there are eighty; and to show the amount of business done, it is stated that 300 canvas bags, weighing 150 lbs. each and 400 letter bags, pass through the office daily.

A Beautiful Thought.—"The rose is sweeter when it first appears, and the spikenard robs when it dies. Beauty belongeth to youth and dies with it, but the odor of piety survives death and perfumes the tomb."

Counterfeits on the State Bank of Ohio.—Counterfeit two dollar notes on the State bank of Ohio, are in circulation in Pittsburg. They are very neatly engraved, and possess the general appearance of the genuine bills. Look out for them.

Mr. A. Rodgers of Franklin, Ohio, died of hydrophobia, last week in that State. It appears that he was bitten by a mad dog some 30 years ago, from the effects of which it was supposed, he had recovered, although at irregular intervals he felt a peculiar and unpleasant sensation.

Another Trial.—The Wisconsin Legislature, on Tuesday last passed another Prohibitory Liquor Law, free from the objections urged by Gov. Barstow in his veto of his first. The Milwaukee Wisconsin says the Governor will sign it—the News is equally confident that he will veto it. And he did.

At a recent session of the Philadelphia Annual Conference of the M. E. Church the following resolution was submitted:
"To recognize all baptized children as members of the Church, until they shall forfeit their membership by misconduct; but shall not vote in Church business until seventeen years old, nor be required to attend class until seven years of age."

Scarcity of Providence.—The Leesburg (Va.) Washingtonian alludes to the extreme scarcity of food for stock in Loudoun county. Some of the farmers have been forced to dispose of their stock at low prices. Corn has sold as high as \$6.80 per bushel. The prospects for grazing are likewise bad, the drought and the severity of the winter having killed all the clover.

An important case under the present liquor law was decided in Terre Haute on Tuesday. It seems that a liquor seller had sold a man brandy, from the effect of which he fell into the canal causing congestion, from which he died. The jury awarded the plaintiff, (widow of the deceased) damages to the amount of FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS. A righteous verdict.

The Hawaiian Government has pledged the most eligible site in Honolulu to the purpose of a Seaman's Home, on condition, that no intoxicating liquors be drunk on the premises—no women of lewd character be admitted—no gambling allowed, nor any other disorder, tolerated; these rules are to be established and strictly enforced; in addition to this, \$5,000 must be raised by subscription for the purpose aforesaid within twelve months, and the "House" must be equally available to sailors of all nations. The site is worth \$6,000, and will revert to the Government if it ever ceases to be used as a Sailor's Home.

BAPTIST DOCTORS OF DIVINITY.—According to the American Baptist Almanac, for the current year, there are in the United States 6476 ordained Baptist ministers. Among these, I believe the exact number of Doctors of Divinity is 87, or one and a third per cent. Six of these have received the degree twice, i. e., from two different colleges. The whole number of doctorates conferred on Baptist clergymen now living in the United States is, therefore 93. Concerning one of these I am not informed when, or by whom, it was conferred. Of the remainder, 60 were derived from colleges under Baptist control, and 32 from other colleges.

FORMAL INVITATIONS.

The too frequent habit of extending mere formal invitations is justly rebuked in the following story of Vivier, the artist, which we find amongst the Parisian gossip, in the "Musical World":
Vivier, the celebrated and witty artist, recently passed some time in Paris, on his return from his summer travels. He had hardly arrived, when he was invited to dine with Monsieur X—, the musical amateur and rich capitalist. After the repast, the master and mistress of the house said to their agreeable guest, "We hope that we shall have you often to dine with us; your plate will always be ready."

"Always?" said Vivier, "that is the fashionable sense of the world."
"By no means. We are not persons of such hollow politeness. You know how much we live artists, and you in particular. Our home is yours, come and dine with us whenever you please. We should be glad if it were every day."

"In earnest?"
"Certainly, we should be delighted."
"Ah well! since you are so cordial, I promise you I will do my best to be agreeable."

"We shall depend upon seeing you."
The next day at 6 o'clock, Vivier presented himself.

"You see," said he, "that I have taken your invitation literally, I have come to dine."

"Ah! it is very kind of you!—it is very charming," said his host, to whom his arrival appeared very piquant and quite original.

The dinner was very gay, and the artist, on taking his leave, received many compliments.

The next day, as they were about to sit down to the table, Vivier again appeared.

"Here I am, exact, punctual, and faithful to my promise."

"But, it is singular," he continued, fixing a penetrating and quizzical look upon the faces of his hosts,—"it is singular!—you appear surprised! Did you not expect me?"

"Oh! certainly you give us much pleasure, the Amphyon and his wife replied with a forced smile.
"So much the better."

Vivier sat down, as in his happiest vein, played the agreeable to all the family, and seemed quite unconscious that he had all the burthen of the entertaining, and that except a few monosyllables, the conversation was reduced to a mere monologue.

On the fourth day at 6 o'clock, precisely, the obstinate guest once more presented himself. This time coldness and restraint was very perceptible, and Vivier spoke of it.

The mistress of the house replied stiffly, "It is only because we feared you would not far well, we have so poor a dinner to-day."

"I thought you expected me; but it is of no consequence. I am not difficult. I wish only the pleasure of your society."

He seated himself with perfect composure, ate heartily, then turning to madam with a complimentary air, he said:

"What could you mean? The dinner is quite as good as the others.—Excellent fare! upon my word. I should desire nothing better."

The next day, the fifth, Vivier arrived as usual. The porter met him at the door:—Monsieur X— is not at home. He dips down town to-day."

"Ah! very well! But I forgot my great coat yesterday; I must ask the servant for it, and darting across the threshold and up the staircase, he knocked. The door was opened unsuspectingly, and Monsieur and Madame stood confounded at the unexpected apparition.

"Your porter is a simpleton," said Vivier gayly. "He pretended that you had gone out; I knew he was mistaken. But what long faces! What a sombre and melancholy air! Has anything happened? Any accident, any misfortune? Tell me, that I may offer my sympathies?"

All dinner time the witty artist continued and redoubled his entreaties that the supposed misfortune might be confided to him. He complained of their reserve, and indulged himself in all sorts of conjectures and questions.

"Have you lost money in speculations? missed an inheritance? heard bad music? received a visit from some troublesome bore? Have you been wounded in your affections? in your fortune? in your ambition?"

Then at the desert, bursting into a fit of laughter, he said, "I know what

is the matter and what troubles. It is your invitation, so cordially made, and so literally accepted. I thought that I would make the trial, suspecting that you would not endure me long. To-day you shut the door against me, and to-morrow, if I should return, you would throw me out of the window.—But you will not catch me here. I wish you good evening."

The Influence of the Family.

When John Adams was engaged in the instruction of youth, in the city of Worcester, in the year 1756, he said, that "it awakened in his heart peculiar interest to regard his school as the world in miniature—that before him were the land's future presidents, governors, legislators, divines and counsellors. He had only to imagine, what might prove true, that this one was a prospective ruler, and that one a legislator, and the other a minister, in order to stimulate him to that course of effort without which youth for their respective spheres would be lost." His remarks would have been equally true if he had spoken of them as the Family. The following is an illustration of this truth. In the year 1782 there were born in four families, residing in three different States, four distinguished American statesmen, viz: Daniel Webster, John C. Calhoun, Lewis Cass and Martin Van Buren. Then, those families were undistinguished from the great multitude of families around them. Yet, as we now regard the influence which those gifted statesmen have exerted in the council halls of the nation, we learn that those families sustained a very important relation to our government. Within them were prospective legislators and statesmen; daily receiving impressions of fit or unfit them for the important trust to which they were unconsciously advancing. Could those parents have been gifted with a prophet's ken to discern the public career of those whom they were disciplining, perhaps, with too careless hand, it would have rolled upon them an overwhelming burden of responsibility. They would have had a most impressive view of the relation they sustained to the national government. And what family can say, positively, that it may not hold a relation to it of equal importance!

Young Reaper.

Beavers in Virginia.

It will excite the surprise of many to find from the following letter, written to the Southern Planter, by Mr. R. Irbv of Nottoway, that beavers still linger in this State. He says:

You will deem my situation a very peculiar one, when I tell you that one of the greatest hindrances I encounter in keeping my flat land dry is dams made by beavers. I would not err much in saying that I have had as many as twenty dams on my land, which are rebuilt as fast as I pull them down. The courses of large branches have been changed and the whole flat land inundated in some instances; and not satisfied with branches, the community has become so large as to put a dam across the river, selecting a rock fountain—which dam no fresher will remove. This would not appear so strange if the banks of the river were not cleared; as it is, there are only a few straggling trees for a mile or further. A fence offers but little impediment to them, as they soon cut a hole through.

Impatience for Notoriety.

The New York Evangelist bits off the restless desire for notoriety, so often found in the pulpit, in the following truly striking remarks: "One reason why there are so few really great men now-a-days, is the impatience for notoriety of young writers and speakers.—They wish to rush into fame at once, and to be able to command the highest places in their profession. Even ministers of the gospel show an itching to appear on public platforms, and to have their names shine in the newspapers.—To one who has seen much of the world and is able to compare men with each other, nothing so surely indicates poverty and emptiness of mind as this buzzing to attract attention. A clergyman may indeed aspire to eminence. He may desire to be a truly great, as well as a good man, and so far his ambition will but stimulate his mind, and make him the more useful. But for the sake of decency, let him drop this boyish fondness for appearing in a public exhibition.

True Christians.—Christians in Greenland very seldom, if ever, absent themselves from public worship on account of the weather. When it is so cold that their breath freezes and forms icicles on their faces, they yet go long distances, men, women and children, through snow and ice, and storm, to the house of prayer.

It is a good thing to laugh at any rate (says Dryden,) and if a straw can tickle a man, it is an instrument of happiness.

POETICAL.

From the Dollar Times.

LINES,

Written on Visiting an Asylum for the Insane.

Night of the soul—dark night!
Oh! wild mysterious power,
Which shuts the intellectual light
In suffering's hour.

What fearful shades are thine!
What seorpion terrors come
To rest above thy lone bright shrine,
Thou spirit home.

How many harp strings, quivering here
To fitful murmurs of grief or fear
Whose plaintive tones of thrill or gloom
Are never still!

Or, like a wild dark stream,
The passing currents glide,
And thought, with but a meteor gleam,
Plays o'er the tide.

Hurl'd from her sacred throne,
When star-eyed reason falls,
The soul flits on through chambers lone,
And ruin's halls:

U'borne by conquering chains of care,
She sinks beneath the wave,
Adown the gulf of dark despair,
To Fury's cave:

Her she unbids and calls
From out her dismal cell
To write upon the spirit walls
Her demon spell.

She wakes, and mournful sighs
O'er sweep the virescent air,
And wildly roll the beaming eyes
In maniac stare:

Lips that have fondly breathed of love,
And waked the songs of yore,
Now oft in quick convulsions move,
And smile no more:

And hearts that to kindred heart
Have breathed the answering tone,
Feel but a music thro'—a start—
Then all is gone:

The memory of departed dreams,
The beautiful, the bright—
Fade from them, as the sunset beams
Glide into night.

Alas, for the lyre, whence song departed,
Whose music calls are given;
Alas, for the mournful and broken hearts
To madness driven!

Hope may not gild their gloom,
Her angel wings displaying;
Distorted fancy plies the loom
Of thought decaying.

From dream to dream they glide,
In restless sleep along,
And spectral forms walk by their side—
A wretched throng.

Ah, whence is that gloomy and terrible power,
And the shadow of dark despair?
Hath hope, with her bright, mysterious dower,
No charms for care?

Comes there no gleam of light
When the storms of the cold world cease
Breaking the gloom of their mental night,
To whisper peace?

Not here. Alas! how strong
Must the waves of suffering roll,
Ere it leaves on the sea of mortal life
A shipwrecked soul!

From grief, and the brooding of evil earthly ills
And want of trust in Heaven;
The heart that with passionate feeling thrills
Is tempest driven.

Philadelphia, March, 1855.

Memoir of Dr. John Kittle.

It has been stated that the family of Dr. Kittle, author of the Bible Cyclopaedia, and a very useful man while he lived, are in destitute circumstances, and dependent upon the charity of neighbors and friends for the necessities of life. Arrangements are making to publish, soon, the Memoir and Journal of the distinguished Biblical scholar, the proceeds of which are to go to the family. The career of Dr. Kittle affords material for one of the most interesting biographies of modern times, and it is hoped that the profits arising from its sale will place his family in comfortable circumstances.

The Rev. Dr. James, an eminent Congregational minister of Scotland, died recently at Edinburgh, in the 88th year of his age, and 62nd year of his ministry. In all the religious movements in Scotland, he had taken an active part. He volunteered to go out with Robt. Haldane and Dr. Bogue, as a missionary to Hindostan, and accompanied the former in many of his home missionary tours in the Scottish Highlands. He was an active agent in the great revival of religion which took place in that country at the commencement of the present century. Dr. Macleay was for twelve months one of his students.—*Religious Herald.*

The Free-Will Baptists have 49,500 communicants in the United States.

BEAUTIES OF THE DESERT.

BAYARD TAYLOR, in his "Journey to Central Africa," thus speaks of the natural beauties of the great Nubian Desert.

I soon fell into a regular daily routine of travel, which, during all my later experiences of the desert, never became monotonous. I rose at early dawn every morning, bathed my eyes with a handful of the precious water and drank a cup of coffee. After the tent had been struck and the camels laden, I walked ahead for two hours, often so far in advance that I lost sight and hearing of the caravan. I found an unspeakable fascination in the sublime solitude of the desert. I often beheld the sun rise, when, within the wide ring of the horizon, there is no other living creature to be seen. He came up like a god in awful glory, and it would have been a natural act, had I cast myself upon the sand and worshipped him. The sudden change in the coloring of the landscape, on his appearance—the lighting up of the dull sand into a warm, golden hue, and the tints of purple and violet on the distant porphyry hills—was a morning miracle, which I never beheld without awe. The richness of this coloring made the desert beautiful; it was too brilliant for desolation. The scenery, so far from depressing, inspired and exhilarated me. I never felt the sensation of physical health and strength in such perfection, and was ready to shout from morning till night, from the overflow of happy spirits. The air is an elixir of life as sweet, as pure, as that which the first man breathed, on the morning of creation. You inhale the unadulterated elements of the atmosphere, for there are no exhalations from moist earth, vegetable matter, or the soles and steams which arise from the abodes of men, to stain its purity. This air, even more than its silence and solitude, is the secret of one's attachment to the desert. It is a beautiful illustration of the compensating care of that Providence which leaves none of the waste places of the earth without some atoning glory. Where the pleasant aspects of nature are wanting—where there is no green thing, no fount for the thirsty lip, scarcely the shadow of a rock to shield the wanderer in the blazing noon—God has breathed upon the wilderness his sweetest and tenderest breath, giving clearness to the eye, strength to the frame, and the most joyous exhilaration of the spirits.

A Young Preacher.

The English Correspondent of the Methodist Protestant informs us that "there is a young minister of the Baptist denomination making a great noise at the present moment in London.—His name is C. F. Spurgeon, recently called to the pastorate of New Park street chapel, Southwark. The celebrated Dr. Rippon, author of a selection of hymns extensively used among the Baptists; and Dr. Gill who wrote the famous commentary on the Scriptures, were the early pastors of the church at Park street. The chapel is badly situated, and of late years not a minister of the denomination could be found to fill it. Mr. Spurgeon, however, has wrought a mighty change. At every service the place is crammed, and numbers are sent away. The deacons and managers of the chapel are almost beside themselves with joy, and have resolved to enlarge their borders. While the work of enlargement goes on, Exeter Hall has been hired for Mr. Spurgeon's Sabbath services; and this remarkable young man of twenty years of age is attracting thither from three to four thousand persons at every service. There are some who call him a second Whitfield, and others regard him as a second William Jay, while not a few question the genuineness, and therefore the permanence of his popularity."

HOGS DRUNK.

The Noblesville (Ind.) Patriot gives an amusing account of the destruction of five hundred dollars worth of liquor by the temperance people. Some seventy barrels would not burn or be consumed. The Dayton also would not burn of course and the Patriot says:

The next morning droves of hogs loked the foam of beer, drank the half dozen spirits, and soon Mr. Porker began to hang his head and lob his ears, swinging head towards tail and tail towards head, showing the whites of eyes, and opening his mouth as if things didn't feel right in his internal arrangements.—They soon took a line for the river, but occupying all sides of the street—in imitation of his more noble boon companion, the biped.

Didn't catch them at it the second time. They were seen for days after standing sullen and sganically beside a fence, looking as if the Maine Law was in operation.

A quarter of a pound of alum dissolved in a pint of milk-warm water and given at one dose, is said to be a certain cure for hots in horses. A pint of linseed oil should be given to the horse as a purgative in five or ten minutes after to carry off the bots which the alum has destroyed.

COMPOST.

A few years ago I had a quantity of rough straw manure in my barn-yard, and having no ground upon which I cared to put such stuff, I thought I would try to experiment with it. The first thing I did was to plow a few shallow furrows in a good sod on the side of a barn in a lane. I then had a load of this barn-yard litter brought and thrown down on the sod where it had not been plowed, and spread to an extent of about ten by twenty feet. We next brought a load of lime, and spread it all over the manure; and while the wagon went for another load of manure, we covered the lime with a layer of sods, perhaps to the amount of a wagon load. Thus we went on with as many covers of manure lime, and sods, as we could heap on, and finished by covering all over with loose soil. We then made another similar heap, which used up all our materials.

This was done in May or June. The following April we opened our compost heaps. The whole mass was like bone ashes, and in the cavities, the nitre evolved in the process of decomposition was deposited or precipitated in great abundance, and had the appearance of heavy white frost. We spread it at about the rate of two hundred bushels to the acre on a piece of ground that had been severely cropped for thirty or forty years without manure, plowed it in planted corn. It yielded fully one hundred bushels of ears to the acre; and subsequent crops have abundantly attested the value of that manure. This decomposition appeared to be perfect, and at the same time the volatile salts (the most valuable part) were absorbed or condensed by the earthy matters, with which the animal and vegetable ingredients of the mass were incorporated.

Muck or swamp mud would be better than sods where it can be obtained. In the compost of which I have spoken the lime did not form more than one fourth the weight of the masses—in bulk much less. It was fresh, and for several days the heaps were warm and sent off a little steam.

J. C.
Armstrong Co., March, 1855.
—*Farmers' Journal.*

Resuscitating Fruit Trees.

A correspondent in the Germantown Telegraph gives the following statement of an experiment in resuscitating an old apple tree:

"On my farm there is an apple tree of very large size standing by the side of the road, but some two rods within the line of the fence, and in lands that have been cultivated regularly, either in roots, grass, or grain, till within a period of twelve years, when a change in my field operations; induced me to turn it out to pasture. Some twenty years since—and about six years before I became acquainted with it—this tree rather abruptly ceased bearing. Its age at the time was unknown. Thinking that it might be resuscitated, I commenced the undertaking by digging around the trunk to the distance of the longest limbs, and to the depth of one foot, inverting the sods; and placing it over the roots and immediate contact with them. On this sword I sowed quick lime, wood ashes and gypsum—one bushel of each being used—and covered it with chaffed straw to the depth of two inches, when compressed; fine soil was then thrown on till the excavation was nearly filled; after which a cart load of fine compost was dumped on and evenly spread over the whole. The dead limbs were next cut out and the top reduced to one half its former size. The cavities caused by the falling off of old and decayed limbs, two cases extended nearly to the centre of the trunk; were filled with 'Forsyth's Cement,' and all the limbs which could be reached, or safely cut at in any way, were scraped and washed with soda. This work was performed in the spring of 1850. The next year the tree blossomed, and produced a few apples which matured.—The next season the bearing was abundant, and since then, it has not ceased to produce a good crop."—*Farmers' Journal.*

Cake Paper.—We have before us a sheet of paper from the works of Messrs. Lambdin, Bonham & Co. of this city made from the Mississippi cane brake which is soft, smoother surface than cotton and of good fibre. These gentlemen have been engaged in experiments on it for some time, and have succeeded in producing a good article. They assure us that they will be able to produce a better paper than the cotton rag paper at about two thirds the price. We think there is no doubt of the entire success of the experiment. This is not bleached; but the bleaching process is a trifle which can easily be done.—*Wheeling Gazette.*

Cleland a liquor dealer in Pittsburgh got a severe sentence on Saturday, but not half his deserts. He was convicted of selling to a confirmed inebriate woman, though he has been repeatedly notified not to do so, in pursuance of the law. He was sentenced to pay a fine of \$50 and costs and \$20 to the prosecutor, and imprisonment in the jail sixty days.—*Id.*

Facts About Cattle.

It is a fact that all domestic animals can be improved in size and value.—One hundred and fifty years ago the average weight of cattle at the Smithfield Market was not over 370 pounds, and that of sheep 35 pounds. Now the average of the former is over 800 pounds and of the latter 80 pounds.

The average weight of cattle, properly termed beefs in the New York market, is about 700 pounds; and sheep 50 pounds.

The average live weight of the heaviest drove of beees of 100 in number ever brought into this market, was 2,067 pounds, weighed from dry feed, & in Illinois, last spring.

The mode of selling cattle in New York is at so much per pound for the estimated weight of meat contained in the four quarters. The estimation is made upon the live weight of cattle as follows:

A drover in buying a lot of grass fed, common stock in Illinois, should never calculate to get an estimate of over one half here of the live weight there.—That is if the drove averages 12 cwt., they will make 6 cwt. of meat each.

Medium beees may be estimated at 54 or 55 pounds per cwt. Good beees 56 or 57 lbs. Extra good, large and fat from 58 to 62 pounds per cwt.

In the Boston market, is generally estimated upon "five quarters," that is the product of meat, fat and skin.

There the cattle are generally weighed, and product estimated upon an average, 64 lbs. per cwt.

In New York not one bullock in ten thousand goes upon the scales to determine his price to the butcher.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Experiments with Potatoes.

A correspondent of the Practical Farmer gives the following as the result of his experiments with potatoes last season. His ground was divided into squares of fourteen paces each, making about one twenty-fifth of an acre. The following is the yield:

Lot No. 1.—The potatoes were covered with salt hay, about six inches thick over the whole square. Yielded four bushels.

Lot No. 2.—The potatoes were covered with slacked lime, then covered with soil, then spread half a bushel of salt over the square. Yielded four bushels.

Lot No. 3.—The potatoes were covered with soil, then a coating of lime on the top. Yielded four and a quarter bushels.

Lot No. 4.—The potatoes were placed in the hills on the lime, and then covered with soil. Yielded four and a quarter bushels.

Lot No. 5.—First put a shovel full of tan in the hill, then the potatoes on the tan, and covered with soil. Yielded four and three quarter bushels.

Lot No. 6.—Put a shovel full of barn manure, from the stall where my oxen are kept, and covered with soil. Yielded four bushels—the poorest lot in the field.

Lot No. 7.—Dropped the potatoes and threw a shovel full of tan upon them; and then covered with soil. Yielded four and a half bushels.

Lot No. 8.—Dropped the potatoes and threw a shovel full of meadow mud upon them and then covered with soil.—Yielded four bushels.

Lot No. 9.—The same as No. 8 with the potatoes dropped on the mud.—Yielded four bushels.

The potatoes in No. 5 and 7 were up a week before the others.

In most of the parcels, except where the tan was used, there were found more or less of defective potatoes.

Those that grew in tan were larger, smoother, and of better quality than the others.

Eating Dogs.—A ministerial brother thus takes us to task for publishing a report taken from an Illinois paper:—"Mr. Editor: You must not let these 'Suckers' stuff you so with the marvellous. That report about eating dogs on the Railroad during the snow-storm was a yarn! They were bad enough off, but so fat from eating dogs till they began to bark, they were more in danger of beginning to 'cower' for when the three hundred men, woman, and children got away from Dwight, a station in the middle of a boundless prairie, they left a half barrel of unpicked prairie chickens in the station-house. 'Navigation' is again open on the Railroads, though on the 19th instant the mercury was down to zero, and it has been freezing ever since. Now don't think this a 'yarn' for it comes under the 'sign and seal' of a preacher."—*Presby. Herald.*

A western editor, in answer to a complaint of a patron that he did not give news enough, told him when news was scarce to read the Bible, which he had no doubt would be news to him.

Isn't it rather an odd fact in natural history, that the silver water is caught when it rubs itself against a rock?